

# Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine, The Music

Fee fi fo fum  
I smell the blood of Nazi scum  
I want my dad and I want my mum  
A Sherman tank and a load of guns

If love is the answer  
What was the question  
And can it cure my indigestion baby?

Out of the frying pan  
Into the frying pan  
Back to the drawing board  
And I'll draw you a diagram  
We'll put on the kettle for some tea and some sympathy  
Infamy! Infamy!  
They've all got it in for me

If love is the answer  
Then what was the question  
And can it solve the traffic congestion baby?

Carry on, carry on you've got nothing to lose  
You've dirtied your pants and you can't afford shoes  
To stand up and fight stand up for your rights  
And dance to the music that nobody likes

It goes ba ba ba ba

Out of the mouths of babes bearing arms  
Come the terrified sounds of a baby's alarm  
At the kidnap and rape of his family and friends  
Who've been taken away to be ethnically cleansed  
And the banners and badges and your anarchist friends  
Say "Apocalypse Now man!"  
And "Never again!"  
And I know the following smut should be censored OK  
But this shit is fucked as they say in the USA  
ANd they say it in Mexico, London and Jericho  
Berlin and Birmingham, Belfast and Tokyo  
Amsterdam, Vietnam, Iran, Afghanistan  
Disneyland, Narnis, former Yugoslavia

You siree boy there's nothing worth living for  
But it really ain't worth dying for  
So jsut say three hail Jesus and Mary Chains  
Two how's your fathers, give your thanks to God  
And say goodnight Jim Bob

Goodnight Jim Bob

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